

# The Miner.

ESTABLISHED IN 1864.

J. H. MARION, EDITOR.

Prescott, Arizona Territory.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

## TRIP TO THE COUNTRY.

About noon, Thursday last, we clambered into a light spring wagon belonging to that most ancient and honorable Pacific Coast, Mr. Herbert Bowers, head of the firm of Bowers Bros., Sutters at Fort Whipple, and oldest of a numerous Yankee family of that name. No sooner had we seated ourselves on a hair cushion, than Herbert started the ponies, and away we rolled over the smooth, gravelly road to the post, where we alighted and partook of a very good dinner, after which we conversed with the gentlemanly officers of the post on Indian and other matters, lit a cigar, mounted the vehicle, which sped along quickly down Granite creek, past some splendid fields of corn, Hungarian grass, etc. Besides Mr. B. and myself, the wagon now held two more distinguished personages, Mr. John Reese, a veteran who fought under Rosecrans, and Mr. Bassham, an ancient and gifted gentleman of the Copperhead family. Soon as we were out of Alexander's corral, and began to climb the low hills on the east side of Granite Creek, the ever recurring Indian subject was brought up, and while discussing it we arrived at the spot where a few weeks previous, the red bands murdered a Mexican, who was on his way from Prescott to Reams' ranch on Lynx creek. We saw the tree under which the poor fellow breathed his last, and to whose shade he had crawled after the wretches had left him. Of course, a circumstance of this kind was not uncommon to any of us, but still, this one occurred so recently, that some of us grut our teeth and cursed a race whose hands are stained with the blood of thousands of Americans and Mexicans. We soon got out of the rolling hills, and while rattling over the level mead this side of Lynx creek, saw spread out before us the beautiful and rich valley which should be named "Woolsey Valley," in honor of that pioneer, who, time and again, has had his last hoof of stock stolen from him by the Apaches and other Indians, while nobly endeavoring to make for himself and others homes in said valley, and wrest it from the grasp of the worthless Indians who polluted it with their villainous presence. To the north of the valley we beheld that long string of 6,000 or 7,000 feet high mountains, known as Black Mountains, whose canyons and gorges afford trying places for the Indians. To the south lay the mountains of Lynx creek with those of Walker and Big Bug, and still further south, we saw the high peaks of the Bradshaw range. On looking to the northeast, we saw that grand old pile, the highest and largest in the Territory—the great San Francisco, standing out boldly, prominently, over and above every visible point in the Territory, and filling one's mind with the grandeur, the magnificence and the sublimity of Nature. Straight east we beheld the Mesal range—the home of the cursed Apache-Mohave—with its sharp topped hills and ghostly appearance. We strained our eyes to get a glimpse of the Mogollone range, but did not succeed. We then turned our gaze upon Big Bug and saw the mountain upon whose side a short time ago, an Indian shot and killed that gallant frontiersman, Robert Smith, and imagined we could see the red rascals scattering out of range of Billy Garin's snoring rifle, while avenging the death of his comrade. Becoming tired of this view, we withdrew our gaze and fixed our eyes on Big Bug hill, where, on a morning in July '65, over 100 whooping, vindictive savages attacked and fought for nearly three hours a party of seven men, composed of Wm. Gavin, Thomas Goodman, Jas. A. Anderson, John Raible, Chris. Klotz, Theo. W. Boggs and J. R. Masterson, and remembered what a noble defense these men made, and how they finally won the victory. We remembered the tons of rock that the Indians had packed and thrown upon the roof in the vain attempt to break it in; we remember the forest of arrows they shot at the men, and we also remember the ghastly look of a dead warrior who received in his open mouth an ounce bullet from Tom Goodman's rifle. We had seen enough of that hill and in passing our eyes to the north, we saw a high rocky point on the trail from the Agua Fria to Big Bug, where, in June '64, they waylaid and murdered a highly educated, splendid young man named Jones, and could not but recollect how shockingly, brutally, they mutilated his lifeless corpse. But we are tired of enumerating these sad affairs in the history of our young Territory, and will change the mournful subject to something more pleasant.

On making Lynx creek, the writer was agreeably surprised at beholding the improvements that had been made since last he visited it. Houses had been erected, fields of corn were to be seen on every hand. The first ranch we arrived at was that of M. K. Lerry, and after alighting and partaking of some refreshments offered us by the worthy and venerable host, we took a stroll through his corn and wheat to the first rate, with large well-filled ears. We then examined his garden, and were pleased with the quantity, quality and size of his vegetables. As the day was wearing away, we mounted our vehicle, bade Messrs. Lerry and Thomas good afternoon and drove rapidly past a long string of ox-wagons on their way to the Agua Fria ranch for hay. We soon arrived at the ranches of J. J. Gibson and L. Elliot, Kraus & Miller, and others, and were boyed up with the looks of the large crops. In a little while we came in sight of the pioneer ranch of the valley, the Agua Fria, where hundreds of old Arizonians have rested their weary limbs, appeased their hunger and thirst and talked over the past, present and future of our Territory. The old ranch looked strange to us; it did not look as of yore, when, but a small turnip patch, a smaller beet patch, and an acre or two of corn was all the "crop" it produced. We felt like asking "Who's pin here since 'ish pin gone?" but on reflection, choked down that question, faced the music and took a square look at fully four hundred acres of tall yellow corn, about 20 acres of alfalfa, 20 of Hungarian grass, 6 or 8 of buckwheat, as many more of melons, squashes, pumpkins, etc., and a vast extent of meadow land, with grasses of various kinds. The dwelling house in the centre of this forest of corn was the only thing upon the place that put us in mind of ancient times. The slate roof from which it is built we knew, for we had seen them dug out of the ancient rain upon which the house now stands. Upon seeing this we became meditative, and wandered, in imagination, back to the time when the now extinct race that brought these rocks from the hills to build their dwellings, gathered around the firestone or the field and went through the routine of life, but just then the voice of Willard Rice, the Major Domo of Agua Fria, fell upon our ears, and we averted, shook hands and entered the building. Here we found several of our old acquaintances, among them our friends and fellow prospectors

of the olden time, Jos. Burroughs and Charles Richter. It is needless to say that we ate a hearty supper and were well treated that night, for of all people Arizonians are the most hospitable, generous and attentive to guests. Next day, in company with Mr. Rice, and Mr. Bowers, the owner of the ranch, we took a tramp through the corn, examined it carefully, and came to the conclusion that it was hard to beat. Just imagine stalks 12 and 14 feet high, thickly set in the ground, and upon the stalks in every hill from 6 to 12 and 14 ears of corn that, too, when it has had but little attention paid it while growing. Ever since Bowers Bros. came in possession of this ranch, from 10 to 30 men have been employed upon it or connected with it in one way or another, and they have been well fed, well paid and comfortably housed. For nearly a year there were from 500 to 800 head of oxen, horses and mules upon the place, and Indians watched, night and day, to get them, but they never succeeded in getting as much as one hoof.

Saturday morning, our team was hitched up, our wagon loaded with melons, sweet corn and other delicacies, and after bidding adieu to our friends we took the road for Prescott, but on arriving at Lerry's ranch, instead of taking the short road over the hills, we took the road up the valley, which is better but longer. This valley is nearly 20 miles in length by about 3 1/2 width, is covered with a thick, luxuriant growth of grass, and almost every acre of it is capable of producing corn, wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, etc., and all a person has to do is to go there and pick a choice spot for a farm. In the upper end of the valley there is no running stream, but water stands in holes nearly the whole year round, and it is reasonable to suppose that by digging a short distance water in abundance would be found. Besides the ranches under cultivation, several more are "taken up," but there is plenty more left.

On leaving Woolsey Valley and ascending the hills overlooking Granite creek, the stream upon which Prescott stands, the view is grand, impressive and beautiful in the extreme. As the eye sweeps down the stream, the country viewed is one vast open prairie, dotted here and there with clumps of trees, fine frame houses, immense fields of corn, and now and then a small band of cattle, horses and mules, which the Indians have not yet succeeded in gobbling. A little to the left is that vast pile of reddish rock, covering thousands of acres, and through which Granite creek cuts its way. To the west, Granite Mountain, raises its bald, colossal head high above its fellows, while to the south the high, densely wooded range of mountains that contain hundreds of gold and silver-bearing ledges of quartz rock pierce the sky. The scene is grand beyond description; the prospect pleasing, and the thoughts engendered by gazing upon it noble, good and great. Yet, reader, one blighting, blasting curse hangs over this fair country—a curse that has kept it from being settled, developed and improved as it should be—the curse of the hostile Indian, whose wild war-whoop is too frequently heard within its boundaries, whose stealthy tread is heard in its thickets the moment before he rushes upon his victim. To combat an open, brave generous foe, is something sublime; but to guard against a sneaking cowardly, murderous foe, is a labor of great trials, constant watching and fatiguing exercise. To be ever on the alert for danger is wearisome, and our people are weary of it. We must get rid of Indians before we can become truly happy and prosperous, and in order to do that they must be fought to the bitter end. But we have digressed, and must go home, and in order to do so we have to cross Granite creek, which we do and alight at the house of Mr. Ed. Bowers, to find that in the past year great improvements have been made here. About dark, we hitched up, and set out for Fort Whipple, distant about six miles. It was the intention of Mr. Bowers and myself to pass through the ranches in Willow and Whipple valleys in daylight, but detention on account of a lame horse prevented our doing so, and we had to pass many beautiful ranches without being able to see them. Next morning, after making the acquaintance of Lieut. Weston, and chatting with the other officers, we drove up to town, and would you believe it, Prescott looked to us every inch a town. Its tall pine trees, its neatly painted cottages, substantial stores, nice gardens and busy streets made us feel like chanting—

"Home, sweet home,  
There is no place like home!"

and of a truth there is no other town in Arizona that can compare with Prescott, and no country so rich and beautiful as that which surrounds it. Let her people be of good cheer, advance their standards and the wickets of the savages will soon be as scarce as hen's teeth. Reader, if you are troubled with the blues, take a trip to the country, see what our noble pioneers have accomplished in a couple of years, and you will come back satisfied with yourself and the country.

The return of Governor McCormick to Prescott, on a visit, (probably the last one he will ever make to this portion of the Territory), puts us in mind of the fact that a few days before this time last year, we purchased from him the establishment known as the ARIZONA MINER, for which we paid him a good round price. A year is a long time, but, to us, the past one has not seemed long, although we had many difficulties to encounter and a few obstacles to surmount.

This time, a year ago, the Fourth Legislature was in session at Prescott, and the Fifth would now be assembled here were it not for this same Governor McCormick. A year ago, his Excellency had no confidence in this section of country, and could see no other place but Tucson. Long before the Legislature met, he was in correspondence with the enemies of Prescott and Northern Arizona, working for our injury and his own gain. He wanted to go to Congress, and being unpopular with the people of Northern Arizona, his sole show for exaltation lay in the hands of a few white men in Pima county who control thousands of Mexicans and Indians, who stood ready to vote for whoever their masters wished elected. In return for a pledge of their support, they demanded the capital. His Excellency was equal to the emergency, and did not hesitate to affix his signature to a bill for its transfer to Tucson, after it had passed the Legislature by the foulest of means, and when he well knew that two-thirds of the white citizens of the Territory were opposed to its removal to an inconvenient locality, hundreds of miles from the white settlements.

Well, Pima county has redeemed its pledge; the Governor is elected to Congress. He comes back here with words of sweetness on his tongue and a desire to sell all his property to our citizens, notwithstanding his oft-repeated assertion since selling us out to Tucson, that he intended to keep what property he had in this country. But his pallor at his love for Central Arizona, his former pet name for this section, fools nobody, and he will depart as he came, unhonored and unnoticed, save by the very few people he has purchased with favors.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.—A letter from Tonto Valley, in this county, of date September 17th, tells substantially the same story as the letter from Camp McDowell, which we print elsewhere, with some additional news. The writer informs us that General Alexander's command came up with the Indians and stolen mules in the night, at a point in the vicinity of the Four Peaks. Two Indians (one of whom was killed) were guarding the mules, and the remainder were fast asleep, but were awaked by the firing, and ran off in the dark, leaving behind them nine mules and some other property.

Next morning, the General and command started upon their trail, pursued them as far as Tonto creek, where all the mules they could find was one old squaw. The mud being knee-deep, and the rain pouring down in torrents, the General concluded to return to Camp Reno. After a day's rest, he took 60 infantrymen and marched to Greenback Valley in the night, but found no Indians. The rain still continued to pour down, and the brave little command were forced to turn back. On reaching Tonto creek, they had to swim that stream in order to cross it. In doing so, some of the men lost their guns, and came very near losing their lives. The letter winds up by stating that the Indians of that vicinity have plenty of firearms, and the writer deplors the fact that himself and comrades have to abandon a section in which they have fought and labored so much.

FROM TUCSON.—Want of space and time prevents us, this week, from laying before our readers, a long and interesting letter from Doctor J. T. Alsop, upon matters and things at Tucson. We however, condense from it a few of the most important items. Judge Backus has not rendered a decision in the Quo Warranto case, the issues involved being, in his opinion, too grave for hasty decision and it will probably lie ever until the full bench meets. The recent heavy rains did considerable damage to the new Court House, and to nearly every other building in town. The Indians were very bad, and the people had subscribed enough money to equip and keep in the field for 6 months, a company of volunteers. The Governor's proclamation says the troops will be received into the service of the Territory, "it being understood that said volunteers are to be armed, equipped, subsisted and paid by private subscription, and without cost to the Territory."

LAST Tuesday's mail brought us San Francisco dailies of the 9th, and the Weekly Dispatch and Vanguard of the 12th inst. Our Los Angeles exchanges were of the 12th inst. From the Star we learn that B. C. Truman, Postal Agent, was in the city, and we pray he may devote a little attention to straightening out mail matters, for they seem to be badly tangled up somewhere. The Star had just received three or four numbers of the MINER, at one and the same time, which goes to show that there is a colored cuss in the wood pile. The schedule time for the coast line of stages has been reduced between Los Angeles and San Juan to 62 hours. The Star contains some timely and sensible remarks about this Territory, which we mean to publish next week.

TEXAS CATTLE DISEASE.—A great cry is being raised in the Eastern and Western States about the Texas cattle disease. Even in California, people are getting frightened, and the Sacramento Union tries to make political capital out of the disease, because, the recent Democratic Legislature did not pass a law against allowing diseased cattle to enter the State! Wonder, if the "disease" didn't originate with cattle-raisers in the West who could not compete with Texans? We hear of the passage of Texas cattle through this Territory, but not one word about the disease. In the eyes of some folks everything southern, except a negro, is diseased.

FIRE AT ST. JOSEPH.—We learn from the St. George Times, that a fire which destroyed 19 houses, their contents, some loaded wagons and their contents, occurred at St. Joseph, Pah-Ute County, in this Territory, on the 18th of last month, while most of the people were out at labor in the fields. The loss is great and we sincerely sympathize with our Mormon fellow citizens.

RICH QUARTZ.—The Santa Fe (New Mexico) Gazette has seen the certificate of assay of a piece of rock, from the Aztec lode, near Maxwell's house, in that Territory, and we must say that it is the biggest thing in the assay line we have seen or heard of in a long time. Here it is: Gold—\$12,455.37; silver—\$189.88. Total, gold and silver, per ton, \$12,645.25!

TRANSFORMATION.—The spicy San Francisco Dramatic Chronicle has developed into a good sized, neat-looking daily news paper. It claims to be independent in politics, but puts in big licks for Grant and Colfax, and, of course, cannot be what it professes to be. But then it has as good right to claim independence as the other Republican papers of its city.

C. L. VALLANDIGHAM, the unflinching, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Third District, Ohio. His nomination is equivalent to his election.

John T. Hoffman is the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, and A. C. Beach, for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Hoffman was formerly Mayor of New York City, and is very popular with the people of his State.

Ex-Governor Thomas H. Seymour died at his residence in Hartford, Connecticut, on the evening of the 24th inst., of typhoid fever, aged 61 years. Deceased was an unswerving, pure-minded Democrat, and his death will be regretted by lovers of constitutional liberty in every section of our country.

THE Guardian informs us that the following named Arizonians passed through San Bernardino recently on their way to San Francisco: Capt. Robert Barton, J. R. Frink, B. Phelps and John Cusenberry.

## Letter from Camp McDowell.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MINER.]

CAMP McDOWELL, A. T., Sept. 7th, 1868.

EDITOR MINER: We haven't moved to Green Valley yet, as we anticipated doing early in the season. The probability is that the establishment of a post in that locality will be postponed for at least another year. The idea of establishing the headquarters of this Sub-District at that point, I feel confident, was not willingly relinquished by our commanding officer, General Alexander. Through the untiring energy of Lieut. Hasson, Lieut. Chilson and the meritorious men of their command, an excellent wagon road has been constructed to Green Valley. This road was completed about three weeks ago. Nothing possible, or necessary, to aid in opening up and locating in that beautiful country the present season has been omitted by the officers of this command. Want of troops alone has given a death blow to our hopes, and rendered of no avail the efforts of officers and men in securing the consummation of that object which must be most devoutly wished for by all who take interest in the development of this Territory, whether soldiers or citizens. The troops in the Sub-District of the Verde have been sadly deficient in numbers ever since and even before General Alexander assumed command. The superior individual efficiency of the officers and men though has to a great extent been an offset to their deficiency in numbers. But the recent order discharging a great portion of the enlisted men of the command before the expiration of their terms of service, without forwarding any recruits or other troops to supply their places, renders it totally impracticable to attempt a removal from this place, or the establishment of an other military post in the Sub-District until a considerable augmentation in the number of troops is effected.

For the benefit of those who have not seen it, I may say that Green Valley and the country surrounding it is emphatically beautiful and not surpassed by any yet discovered in the Territory. Indications for minerals are good, timber abundant, a soil well watered and as rich as I have ever seen, a better grain growing, or stock-raising country cannot be found anywhere. I speak not alone of Green Valley proper, for that is quite limited in extent, but the numerous valleys surrounding it, and much of the bottom land along Tonto creek. A veteran California miner who has been chasing it out there among the Apaches has discovered a silver ledge. He showed me some of the rock the other day, and it appears to be very rich. He is on his way to Prescott to have it recorded. The majority of the detachment of troops en route to establish Camp Reno have been recalled, and the balance of the detachment has returned as far as Sun Flower Valley, and will, I expect, proceed to this place as soon as practicable.

Arrangements were made for a scout from this place by a number of Maricopas, and a few, though all of the available men belonging to E. Company, of the 1st, and I company, of the 8th Cavalry, commanded by General Alexander. Captain Fechet, of the 8th Cavalry, and Lieut. Tobey, our post adjutant are also with the party. They left here three or four days ago, and we have already witnessed the good results of their scouting in a number (nine I believe) of fine mules which they have recaptured and sent into this post. None of the scouting party were injured, but some of the poor Los were sent home. Report says not how many. The mules I believe are those which were stolen from Wickenburg some time ago.

Everything is progressing finely here. Good health, and good spirits prevail.

JERILANT.—The Frontier Index of a recent date is joyous, gay, festive, and all that sort of thing, over the result of the election in its town, Green River City. Two Democratic tickets were run, and nary a Republican one. Mountain air does not agree with Radicals, and Coffee and John Chinaman are not worshipped by people who work for a living and sleep in the open air.

THE Washington correspondent of the S. F. Bulletin says that hereafter the mail will be carried from San Antonio, Texas, to El Paso, Mexico, in 6 days, instead of 13, as formerly. Hope it is so.

"OVERLAND MONTHLY."—We have received, from the publishers, A. Roman & Co., San Francisco, the September number of this really excellent magazine, and would advise those who like to read good, sound articles on matters of interest to the people of this coast, to send and get it. The subscription price is \$4 in gold, for one year.

THE "Rocky Mountain Pomological Society" was organized at St. George, Utah, recently. Our Mormon neighbors to the northwest have a fine fruit-producing country.

THE Frontier Index, of Green River City, Wyoming, is a regular screamer, and talks right out in meeting. Recently, a man named Johnson murdered a citizen of that place, and was taken charge of by the military, who refuse to surrender him to the civil authorities, for trial, whereupon the Index waxes wrathful, sails into satrapas, murderers and trampers of law in valiant style. We are too far from the scene to judge of the merits of the question at issue, but from our standpoint, it appears to be an exciting little squabble. Rail on, thou mighty little railroad squab.

THE Democracy of New Mexico are preparing for the approaching election in that Territory. A Convention was to have met at Santa Fe on the 30th ult., to nominate candidates for the Legislature. The Gazette is the organ of the party.

MR. NOBBER, of Texas, has arrived in California, with 200 head of cattle, all he has left out of 1,100 head, with which number he started from Texas some months ago, our Apaches having gobbled the remainder, somewhere in the vicinity of Tucson. Mr. N. is now in Los Angeles and has informed the editor of the News that he has more cattle left in the Lone Star State, which he intends to drive through this Territory in spite of the red skinned robbers.

THE Gazette of August 30th, says business at Santa Fe was improving. Major French, the new Indian Agent, had arrived from the States. Major Thompson, who was formerly in command of Fort Whipple, was in the city. Mr. Abraham Lyon, of Tucson, had shown the editor of the Gazette some very rich specimens of gold-bearing quartz, from a ledge near Apache Pass, Pima county, this Territory.

It is said that fully 30,000 men are employed in building the Pacific Railroad.

## SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, '68.  
LEGAL TENDERS, 69 1/2 @ 70 1/2.  
FLOUR—Extra, \$6.25 @ \$6.50; superfine, \$5.25 @ \$5.50.  
BARKLEY—Sales of — sacks at \$2.20.  
POTATOES—90 @ 95 cents @ 100 lbs.  
BEANS—White, 8 @ 8 1/2 cents; Red, 2 1/2 @ 3 cents @ lb.  
ONIONS—1 1/2 @ 1 1/4 cents @ lb.  
CORN—Red, 2 1/4; Yellow, 3 cents @ lb.  
DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter, choice, 50c; Lard, 13 @ 15 cents @ lb.  
RACONS—California sides, 13 @ 14c @ lb; Shoulders, 8c; Hams, 18c.  
STOCKS—Crushed, 14 1/2 cents @ lb.

## Prescott Advertisements.

### PIONEER DRUG STORE.

Prescott, Arizona.

On hand and for sale,—

Hall's Balsam for the Lungs,  
Tanner's Sarsaparilla,  
Ayer's " " "  
Hill's " " "  
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,  
" " "  
Osgood's India Cholagogue,  
Brown's Jamaica Ginger,  
Perry Davis's Pain Killer,  
Goodale's Catarrh Remedy,  
Brown's Bronchial Troches,  
Bryant's Pulmonic Wafers,  
Dr. Devine's Pitch Lotion,  
Keating's Cough " "  
Jayne's Patent Medicines,  
And, in fact, a full assortment of all the Patent Medicines usually found in drug stores.  
Toilet Soaps, Fancy Articles, Perfumery,  
And a large supply of Dispensing Medicines.  
N. B.—Physicians' prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. E. DARLING.  
Prescott, April 24, 1868.

## WORMSER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Merchants,

LA PAZ and PRESCOTT, Arizona.

DEALERS IN —

Groceries, Provisions, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,  
Liquors, Crockery, Hardware, Farming  
and Mining Implements, etc.,

CALL THE ATTENTION OF THEIR OLD  
pioneer friends and the public generally to  
their new and splendid assortment of goods,  
recently purchased, by one of the firm, in San Francisco, and now on hand at their stores in La Paz and Prescott.

Give us a call and see for yourselves. We are not selling for ruinous prices; our motto is and has been, "Live and Let Live."

Our stock in La Paz is acknowledged by all who have seen and examined it, to be

## THE LARGEST AND BEST

Assortment of goods ever brought to that place. Merchants, farmers, miners and others, wishing to purchase goods, would do well to give us a call, before purchasing elsewhere.

WORMSER & CO.  
my16 La Paz and Prescott, Arizona.

## E. J. COOK,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions,  
Clothing, Dry-Goods,  
Boots and Shoes,  
Crockery, Clocks,  
Iron, Nails, Quicksilver,  
Tobacco Cigars, etc.,

Is prepared to furnish the people all kinds of

## Merchandise, for Cash,

At reasonable rates, at the

## ADOBE STORE,

Corner of Granite and Gurley Streets.

Prescott, Arizona, June 27, 1868. Je27

## GRAY & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,

At La Paz, Wickenburg and Prescott,

DEALERS IN —

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, etc.

Wish to call attention to the large assortment of

## Hardware,

Now on hand at their Store in Prescott. m14

## WARM AND COLD BATHS

... TO BE HAD AT THE ...

Montezuma Shaving and Hair  
Dressing Saloon,

In Montezuma Hall, Montezuma Street, Prescott.

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, etc., in the most approved manner. THEODORE OTTO.

## C. JACKSON & Co.,

Montezuma Street, Prescott.

WE HAVE JUST ARRIVED FROM  
San Francisco with a large assortment of LIQUORS, which we offer for sale at reduced prices, for cash, at our sample room, where Joe and Sol, the handsomest and most men in town, will always be on hand to dispense liquors in the most approved style.  
CHAMPAGNE on draft. We never stop over.  
P. S.—Joe has now another attraction besides his "Purp."  
C. JACKSON & Co.  
Prescott, June 8, 1868.